THE HISTORY OF TOBIT;

A POEM:

WITH OTHER POEMS,

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY *JANE TIMBURY.*

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came:
I left no calling for this idle trade;
No duty broke, no parent disobey'd.

POPE.

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PREFACE

TO THE

READER.

IT is generally expected that thoſe who commence Authors, ſhould make ſome apology on firſt venturing to appear in print. I will not preſume to ſay what indulgence a Female may claim who has the temerity to ſtep into the Literary World: I ſhall ſubmit that to the determination of the Critics; but am apprehenſive that the frequency of ſuch attempts will not be admitted as an excuſe; as we are told that the number of the guilty does not leſſen the crime of an individual. As to myſelf, I have but one plea; which is, the flattering approbation my little performance has met with from Gentlemen of known abilities. This declaration may be thought, by ſome, to border upon vanity; but I hope the candid part of my Readers will conſtrue it more favourably, and rather deem it the effuſion of a grateful heart, thankful

for unexpected, I would ſay unmerited favours, did not that word reflect on the judgment of my Patrons. Should I have the happineſs to meet with the approbation of my Readers, or at leaſt to paſs uncenſured, I hope it will not give me a greater ſhare of pride than is neceſſary to prevent my deviating from thoſe paths of rectitude in which I would always wiſh to tread. If I ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to fail of ſucceſs, I muſt endeavour to call Philoſophy to my aid, and conſole myſelf with the conſciouſneſs of having written nothing unbecoming a female pen; as I ſhall always be of Mr. POPE's opinion, where he ſays,

"Curs'd be that verſe, how well ſo e'er it flow,
"That tends to make one worthy man my foe!"

Thus prepared for either event, I reſign my little work to the opinion of the Public, and hope the ſevereſt Critic will allow my intention to be good, however I may have ventured upon a ſubject to which my abilities are not adequate.

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THE HISTORY OF TOBIT.

ASSIST my bold attempt, ye tuneful Nine;
Inſpire my thoughts with energy divine:
No Hero's glory would I ſtrive to raiſe;
No ancient conqueſts ſhall adorn my lays;
The greateſt potentate far leſs I deem
Than him whoſe humble virtues are my theme;
Though, far inferior to the arduous taſk,
For that alone celeſtial aid I aſk.
Amongſt the Tribes of Iſrael captive made,
And by Aſſyria's King in triumph led,

The righteous TOBIT went, by all belov'd;
His deeds, on earth admir'd, in heav'n approv'd.
In Nineveh's proud city he abode:
In Virtue's paths from infancy he trod;
True to his friend, obedient to his God.
His Wife, the partner of his grief and joy,
Had bleſt him with *one* ſon, a lovely boy.
Theſe dear companions did his bondage ſhare;
For them he ſpent the tedious nights in pray'r—
Not vainly ſpent: th' Almighty ſaw his grief,
With pity ſaw, and ſent the wiſh'd relief;
That mercy he on others had beſtow'd,
That mercy his all-wiſe Creator ſhow'd.
His piety, his mild benevolence,
Gain'd him the favour of th' Aſſyrian Prince:
By him preferr'd, his perſon to attend,
He in the Royal Victor found a friend,
Whoſe conſtant bounty all his wants ſupplied,
Which with the poor he ever would divide:

Whate'er he had, his brethren freely ſhar'd;
To ſee them bleſt, his greateſt, beſt reward:
The naked ſtill he cloth'd, the pris'ner free'd,
Nor deem'd aught his while any were in need.
But when EMENESER, the King, was dead,
His ſon, by ſavage tyranny miſled,
Did all the Iſraelites with fury ſlay,
Leaving their bodies to wild beaſts a prey:
Such as eſcap'd the ſword, condemn'd to hide
In woods and caves, by piercing hunger tried,
Theſe TOBIT ſought with care, and daily gave
Bread to the living, to the dead a grave;
For which SENNACHERIB does his life purſue:
T' avoid his rage, he ſilently withdrew.
Not long condemn'd in exile to remain,
The tyrant King by his own ſon was ſlain,
To his lov'd wife and child again reſtor'd,
TOBIT with thankful heart his God ador'd:
But though, alas! his liberty's regain'd,
The worſt, and laſt, ſad trial yet remain'd:

Going, as uſual, to inter the dead,
Too late without the city gates he ſtaid,
And, while in open air he paſs'd the night,
Was by a neſt of ſparrows robb'd of ſight:
Patient he bore the loſs, nor once repin'd,
Still to his great Creator's will reſign'd;
Thankful for all the bleſſings Heav'n had lent;
For thoſe withheld, no impious diſcontent
Eſcap'd his lips, nor harbour'd in his breaſt:
Whatever Heav'n decreed, he deem'd the beſt;
Submiſſive bore the ſcourge, and, proſtrate low,
Humbly ador'd the hand which gave the blow.
Thus, arm'd with virtue, ev'ry ſhock he ſtood,
E'en in affliction uniformly good.
His faithful partner too, who bore a part
In all his pain with ſympathizing heart,
Her utmoſt care and tenderneſs beſtows
To ſmooth his paſſage through the vale of woes:
His life by daily labour ſhe ſuſtain'd,
Till the new Monarch's favour they obtain'd.

Once

Once more endow'd with means to ſerve the poor,
His charity was boundleſs as before.
The tear of pity, which his eye o'erflow'd,
Increas'd the worth of what his hand beſtow'd:
The wretched never ſought his aid in vain
T' aſſiſt their wants, alleviate their pain.
While thus on all around his bounty flows,
Tow'rd man's eſtate his ſon TOBIAS grows:
To train his youthful ſteps, in paths upright,
Was all his care by day, his thoughts by night.
Th' Almighty ſaw, and crown'd it with ſucceſs,
Gave the lov'd youth, the parents age to bleſs.
His early worth and virtue all admire,
The perfect copy of his worthy ſire:
Each parent ſaw, with equal hope and joy,
The riſing merit of their darling boy.
But TOBIT now perceiv'd, though quite reſign'd,
As age crept on, his former ſtrength declin'd;
Near to the verge of life, of ſight bereft,
His wife and ſon the only comforts left;

For their dear ſakes does ſleepleſs nights endure,
Anxious their future welfare to procure;
He thus addreſt the youth: "My ſon, draw near,
"A father's counſel with attention hear:
"Grieve not that I may ſoon be call'd away;
"'Tis Heav'n's to will, ours only to obey.
"Death is the certain lot of all below;
"Haſten we may, but not retard the blow.
"'Tis true, the virtuous may its darts defy,
"Since all who've learnt to live, have learnt to die.
"I feel the inward ſprings of life decay,
"Nor wiſh the laſt dread ſummons to delay;
"Yet, ere I leave thee, I have much to ſay.
"Keep my inſtructions ever in thy mind;
"Be to your mother dutiful and kind:
"Much pain to her thy infant years have coſt;
"Then let it not, my ſon, be wholly loſt.
"Think, to your charge I all that's dear reſign,
"And, oh! preſerve that life which gave thee thine.

"In

" In love we've ever liv'd; and, when we die,
" Within one grave together let us lie,
" If thou desire long-life and prosp'rous days,
" Serve the Lord faithfully in all thy ways;
" On him alone repose thy firmest trust,
" And know, tho' thou may'st suffer, God is just.
" Remember still, that you to others do
" Whate'er you would that men should do to you.
" Look with an eye of pity on the poor:
" If thou art wealthy, let them share thy store;
" If thou hast little, of that little give;
" Not for thyself, but for thy brethren live.
" Turn not thy face from them, and thou wilt see,
" The face of God will not be turn'd from thee.
" Who gives to th' poor, doth lend unto the Lord;
" Nor shall the cheerful giver lack reward.
" Pay those, whom thou employ'st, what they require;
" The lab'rer, sure, is worthy of his hire.
" Never reject the counsel of a friend,
" But chiefly to the aged voice attend.

" Live

" Live chaſte, and ſoberly; and when you wed,
" Take not, my ſon, a ſtranger to your bed;
" Amongſt your neareſt kindred chooſe a wife,
" One that will ſweeten all the cares of life.
" Whate'er thy ſtate, ſubmiſſive bend thy will,
" Nor fancy poverty the greateſt ill.
" Let not thy heart to power or wealth incline;
" The little I poſſeſs will ſoon be thine.
" Ten talents once King EMENESER ſent,
" Which ſum I to my kinſman GABAEL lent:
" Go thou to him at Rages; there make known
" Thy name, and claim the money for thy own."
Here, interrupting, young TOBIAS ſaid,
" To thee my father, juſt reſpect be paid:
" So may Heav'n all my future prayers reject,
" If I the leaſt of thy commands neglect!
" But ſay, how can I into Medea go,
" Seeing the man, or place, I do not know?"
" Go, find ſome perſon out," the Father cried,
" Who ſhall thy ſteps to Rages ſafely guide:

" Whatever

" Whatever he requires, I'll freely pay:
" Haſte, ſeek him then, my ſon, make no delay;
" That I, in thought, thy ſafe return may view,"
Obedient to his word the youth withdrew;
But, lo! th' Almighty does his ſearch prevent,
And, ſwift as thought, the angel RAPHAEL ſent.
A human form the heav'nly being took,
On earth deſcends, and thus the youth beſpoke:
" Brother, all hail! ſay what, or whom you ſeek.
" Can I in ought aſſiſt you? Freely ſpeak.
" Forgive my zeal; I mean not to intrude."
TOBIAS earneſtly the ſtranger view'd,
Nor long delay'd to make his errand known;
Pleas'd with a form and age ſo near his own:
" Much thanks, my brother, for your proffer'd aid:
" Your kind demand ſhall freely be obey'd.
" I go a journey, by my father ſent,
" To claim ten talents he long ſince has lent
" To GABAEL, who in Rages makes abode,
" And ſeek ſome man to guide me on the road.

RAPHAEL replied, " I know the city well;
" 'Tis not long ſince I did with Gabael dwell:
" Much I eſteem him, and will go with thee
" To Rages, if thy father ſo agree:
" Haſte, let him know; I'll tarry here the while."
TOBIAS leaves him with a grateful ſmile;
Then to his father eagerly relates
What paſt, and where the pleaſing ſtranger waits.
" Return, he ſaid, return, my ſon, I pray,
" And hither bring the man without delay;
" That I may queſtion him ere we agree,
" And know what he requires, to go with thee."
The youth, well pleas'd, once more the angel ſought,
Him to his father's preſence gladly brought,
Who thus addreſs'd him: "Tell me whence you came,
" Say of what tribe thou art, and what's thy name."
" My name is AZARIAH, he replied,
" The ſon of ANANIAS, near allied."
" Enough," cried TOBIT, " I am well content:
" Thou art, my brother, of a good deſcent.

" Be

" Be not offended that I ſo require;
" Well I remember, and regard thy ſire:
" Together oft in Salem have we pray'd,
" And our firſt fruits upon the altar laid.
" No better guide I for my ſon require.
" But tell me now what wages you require:
" A drachma for each day I'll freely give,
" And like my ſon in all things thou ſhalt live.
" If this ſuffice, when ye are both prepar'd,
" Go on, and Heav'n's protection be your guard!
" The Angel of the Lord be with you ſtill!
" So ſhall you ſafely tread, and fear no ill."
RAPHAEL content, TOBIAS quits his friends;
One faithful dog his maſter's ſteps attends.

But now his mother ANNA loudly griev'd,
Of all her hopes in her lov'd ſon bereav'd.
" Thou, TOBIT, art too fond of wealth, ſhe cries,"
" To baniſh thus TOBIAS from my eyes.
" Was he not all that might thy love engage;
" The prop, the ſtaff, of our declining age?

" A

" A parent's fondneſs did you juſtly know,
" Thus with a ſtranger would you let him go?"
" Peace! ſiſter, peace!" he ſaid, " nor longer mourn,
" Doubt not, our ſon in ſafety ſhall return:
" He that firſt gave him us, will ſtill protect;
" Thoſe the Lord loves, he never will neglect."
Thus reas'ning with her grief, he calm'd her fears,
Heal'd her unquiet mind, and dried her tears.
Meantime the youthful pair together went,
Their eager ſteps to Rages' city bent:
Pleas'd with each other, they beguil'd the way
In cheerful converſe, till the cloſe of day;
When, faint and weary grown, both ſeem'd inclin'd
To reſt their limbs, and ſome refreſhment find.
Juſt then the river Tigris ſtruck their view:
To bathe himſelf, TOBIAS nearer drew;
When, lo! a fiſh, of monſtrous ſize appear'd,
Its wond'rous head above the water rear'd,
Advancing tow'rd the youth, who, ſore amaz'd,
Retreating back, in ſilent wonder gaz'd.

" Fear

" Fear not, my brother," ſaid th' Angelic guide,
" Heav'n for its vot'ries ever does provide:
" This fiſh ſhall all thy future bliſs inſure;
" This ſhall thy father's long-loſt ſight procure."
He ſpake—and, inſtant reaching out his hand,
With all his force he drew it on the land:
The liver, heart, and gall, he bade him take;
Then of the reſt, when broil'd, a meal they make,
With thankful heart; and having paſt the night
In peaceful ſlumbers, till returning light,
Soon as the morn its orient beams diſplay'd,
And dawning in the eaſt, diſpell'd night's ſhade,
Ere yet the ſun the leſſer lights oppoſe,
Wak'd by his heav'nly guard, TOBIAS roſe:
All that was paſt revolving in his mind,
In vain he ſtrove the ſecret cauſe to find;
Oft with inquiring eyes ſurvey'd his friend,
Eager to queſtion, fearful to offend;
Still with himſelf debating ere he ſpoke;
At length reſolv'd, the painful ſilence broke:

" Forgive

" Forgive me, AZARIAH, if I crave
" To know the reaſon, why you bid me ſave
" The entrails of the fiſh with ſo much care;
" With what intent preſerv'd, I pray declare."
RAPHAEL, with a benignant ſmile, replies,
" The gall, if gently rubb'd upon the eyes,
" Will to the blind immediate ſight reſtore:
" At a convenient time I'll tell thee more;
" But now, my brother, we muſt not delay,
" But to Ecbatane purſue our way.
" If yet thy kinſman RAGUEL be alive,
" And Heav'n permit us thither to arrive,
" With him we'll lodge; and while we there abide,
" I'll aſk his daughter SARAH for thy bride:
" Fair is the maid, and, now to woman grown,
" Thou juſtly may'ſt demand her as thy own;
" Seeing thou art his couſin TOBIT's ſon,
" And next of kin—Say, ſhall the thing be done?"
" Alas! replied the youth, it cannot be;
" Thou know'ſt, my parents have no child but me.

" Some

" Some evil ſpirit does the maid torment,
" And all her hopes of happineſs prevent:
" Already ſeven have taken her to wife;
" Of all the ſeven not one eſcap'd with life:
" If I the ſame unhappy fate ſhould have,
" 'Twould bring my friends with ſorrow to the grave.
" Fear not," the Angel ſaid, " be of good heart:
" In all th' events of life, do thy own part,
" And leave the reſt to that All-ſeeing Pow'r
" Who can protect thee to thy lateſt hour.
" If thou to his almighty will reſign,
" I'll pledge my life, ſecurity for thine."

Diſcourſing thus, to Medea they drew nigh,
Juſt as the ſun adorns the weſtern ſky.
To find out RAGUEL, RAPHAEL goes before:
EDNA, his wife, receiv'd them at the door,
Kindly intreats, beneath her roof they'll ſtay,
Nor travel further till returning day:
With ſuch ſincere benevolence ſhe ſpake,
Her friendly offer they with pleaſure take,

Their

Their thanks return'd, thanks unadorn'd with art,
The native language of a grateful heart.
Her huſband next, with equal worth endu'd,
Salutes them both, but much TOBIAS view'd;
Then eagerly inquir'd the ſtranger's name,
Whither they travell'd, and from whence they came.
" This youth" he ſaid, "tho' diff'ring far in years,
" Much likeneſs to our couſin TOBIT bears,
" And double welcome, brethren, for his ſake.
" Say, do you know the man of whom I ſpake?
" You muſt, if from Aſſyria's land you came.
" To know, and to revere him, is the ſame:
" In every action Virtue is his guide;
" His kindred's glory, their delight and pride.
" Oh! might I ever hope to be ſo bleſt,
" Once more to claſp him to this aged breaſt
" In undiſturb'd tranquillity; to ſpend
" The ſhort remains of life with ſuch a friend;
" Methinks 'twould ev'ry care and pain aſſuage,
" And give new vigour to my drooping age:

" But

" But why do I indulge a thought ſo vain?
" Never—no never, ſhall we meet again!"
He could no more. The Youth eſſay'd to ſpeak;
A ſilent tear ſtole gently down his cheek:
Warm'd with the praiſes on his Sire beſtow'd,
With heart-felt gratitude his boſom glow'd:
His looks th' emotions of his ſoul betray'd,
When graſping RAGUEL's hand, " In me," he ſaid,
" Behold the offſpring of your much-lov'd friend,
" And let your friendſhip to the ſon deſcend.
" I boaſt no worth, or virtue, of my own,
" But claim your favour for his ſake alone;
" My greateſt merit, that I am his ſon."
Much pleaſure now the aged pair expreſt,
And both with tears of joy embrac'd their gueſt;
But when they learnt, that though his father liv'd,
Yet of the bleſſing of his ſight depriv'd,
Their ſympathizing hearts again o'erflow'd,
A ſigh of pity on the tale beſtow'd.

At his requeſt the Damſel next appears;
Her preſence baniſh'd all his former fears:
Such modeſt beauty, yet ſo dazzling bright,
Fill'd his whole ſoul with wonder and delight.
No leſs the Damſel does the Youth admire,
Whoſe form might ev'ry tender thought inſpire;
A manly ſweetneſs in his face appears,
That ſpoke his wiſdom, far beyond his years;
Kindly ſhe greets him, but with downcaſt eye,
And carefully ſuppreſt a riſing ſigh.
Their firſt emotion by degrees ſubſides:
EDNA withdraws, and for her gueſt provides;
A plentiful repaſt before them laid,
Her hoſpitable care at full diſplay'd:
But young TOBIAS, whoſe ſtill anxious mind
More to the Damſel than the food inclin'd,
Intreats the Angel would, without delay,
Propoſe the buſineſs mention'd by the way.
RAGUEL, o'er-hearing their diſcourſe, reply'd,
"What thou requireſt muſt not be deny'd:

"Yet

" Yet will I not in any-wiſe conceal,
" What truth and juſtice prompt me to reveal.
" Know then, ſeven youths, that have my daughter
" ta'en,
" By th' Evil Spirit were untimely ſlain:
" Far better fate, I hope, thy worth attends;
" Virtue, like thine, each Guardian Power defends:
" This night refreſh thyſelf, and take ſome reſt;
" To-morrow we will talk of thy requeſt."
" Nay," cried the Youth, " but make me firſt thy ſon;
" I'll neither eat, nor ſleep, 'till that is done:
" In all beſide, I to thy will reſign,
" Let me but call thy lovely daughter mine."
Pleas'd with his earneſt zeal, the Damſel ſmil'd,
While EDNA caſt a look benignly mild.
No longer in ſuſpenſe the father ſtands,
But, yielding to his ſuit, he join'd their hands;
Then bleſt them both, yet, fearing the event,
A fervent pray'r to Heav'n in ſecret ſent.

His wiſh obtain'd, the Youth with pleaſure ſhar'd
The banquet, for himſelf and friend prepar'd;
A banquet, which no coſtly viands ſtor'd,
But humble plenty deck'd the feſtive board:
No needleſs luxury admittance found;
With true benevolence their meal was crown'd:
And while his gueſt the good old father view'd,
His former ſtrength and vigour ſeem'd renew'd;
Each ſcene of joy his early days had known,
Deſcribes with pleaſure to his new-made ſon;
In him beholds his own paſt youthful fire,
Repeating oft how well he lov'd his ſire.
His lengthen'd tale had ſcarcely found an end,
When RAPHAEL, ſtill attentive to his friend,
Soon as the call of hunger was ſupply'd,
In haſte aroſe, and call'd the Youth aſide;
Bad him the entrails of the fiſh produce,
And thus inſtructs him in their deſtin'd uſe:
" Firſt the aſſiſtance of your God invoke;
" Then with the heart and liver make a ſmoke;

" With

" With various odours let it be perfum'd,
" And gradual burn it till the whole's conſum'd.
" See thou neglect not aught that I have ſaid,
" But chiefly ſupplicate almighty aid:
" So ſhall the Evil Spirit's power ceaſe,
" And all to come be harmony and peace."
Silent as night, the thoughtful Youth attends,
Till the Celeſtial Guide his counſel ends:
Tho' much aſtoniſh'd how ſuch things were known,
By one whoſe years ſeem'd not t'exceed his own,
He ſtrove with care his wonder to conceal,
And promis'd each injunction to fulfil.
Meantime the Damſel, by herſelf retir'd,
With faith, devotion, hope, and love inſpir'd,
On Heav'n alone caſt ev'ry anxious care,
And thus with piety preferr'd her pray'r:
" O thou Almighty Power, in whom I truſt,
" In all thy ways omnipotent and juſt!
" Thus low beneath thy throne I bend my knee,
" Nor hope for aid, or ſuccour, but from thee:

" Since

" Since mercy is thy darling attribute,
" In mercy hear thy humble hand-maid's ſuit:
" Grant the lov'd youth to whom I give my hand,
" In ſafety to behold Aſſyria's land;
" Avert from him my former huſbands doom,
" And, oh! preſerve his life for years to come:
" But, if thy ſacred Providence decrees,
" That one muſt fall, thy vengeance to appeaſe,
" Let all thy wrath deſcend on me alone;
" Spare him—and, for the reſt, thy will be done."
She ceas'd: her words like incenſe upwards riſe,
On wings of angels wafted to the ſkies:
And now the Parents with impatience wait
The hour that muſt confirm TOBIAS' fate:
In deep anxiety they paſt the night,
Wiſhing, yet fearing the returning light:
Their aged eyes were ſtrangers to repoſe,
Till with the morn the youthful pair aroſe,

The

The pleaſing ſight at once diſpell'd their fears;
New life and joy in every face appears;
To them the ſun itſelf a brighter luſtre wears.
Each heart, elated with the bleſſing giv'n,
With unaffected zeal gave praiſe to Heav'n.
At length their time for tarrying quite expir'd;
Leave to depart they earneſtly requir'd.
TOBIAS fearing, ſhould he longer ſtay,
His parents would be fill'd with ſad diſmay,
This reaſon often urg'd, but urg'd in vain;
A little longer he muſt yet remain
Ere the fond mother can her daughter ſpare,
And yield her wholly to another's care.
With joy TOBIAS heard the kind requeſt,
Well pleas'd to have continued as his gueſt,
But fear'd his parents would his abſence mourn,
Should he procraſtinate his wiſh'd return.
With much intreaty, he at laſt comply'd,
For fourteen days conſenting to abide;

But RAPHAEL muſt to Gabael ſtrait repair,
Receive the debt, and bring the old man there,
In RAGUEL's houſe, the gen'ral joy to ſhare.
All this perform'd, they kept the marriage feaſt,
Amidſt their friends, till fourteen days were paſt:
But when the hour drew nigh, they muſt depart,
EDNA beheld it with a heavy heart;
Various delays invents, but all in vain,
Since no perſuaſion could the Youth detain.
With falt'ri ng voice the much-lov'd pair ſhe bleſt,
Then claſp'd the Damſel to her aged breaſt;
Inſtructs her in the duties of a wife,
Beſeeching Heav'n to grant her length of life;
A numerous offspring with delight to raiſe,
And midſt her children's children end her days.
The fond parental wiſh the father joins,
And with his daughter half his wealth reſigns.
" Take thou, he cry'd, what I but ill can ſpare,
" My only child, my darling, to thy care:

" Treat

" Treat her with kindneſs, and beware of ſtrife:
" So may Heav'n proſper all thy future life!
" Commend me to thy father: ſay I find
" Much ſecret pleaſure, when I call to mind
" Our former friendſhip; and ſhall oft deplore,
" That we can ne'er behold each other more.
" May you like him a virtuous courſe purſue!
" What more remains?—Alas!—a ſad adieu!"
Here down his cheek the briny torrent fell;
Each, with reluctance, bad the laſt farewell.
With ſpeed tow'rd home TOBIAS bent his way:
Meantime, his mother mourns his long delay;
All conſolation, all advice rejects;
Her reſt by night, her food by day neglects.
TOBIT, in vain, to calm her ſorrows tries;
" Talk not of comfort, or of hope," ſhe cries;
" There is no hope at all; my ſon is dead,
" Or elſe ſo long from home he ne'er had ſtay'd.
" Alas! what joy in life remains for me,
" If my lov'd child, I never more muſt ſee?"

" Aſſuage your grief, he ſaid: our darling ſon
" May yet return; if not, Heav'n's will be done!
" Though numerous are the bleſſings daily ſent,
" Let us remember this, they are but lent:
" And if retaken, we muſt not repine,
" But learn, without a murmur to reſign;
" Whate'er the Almighty wills, with patience bear;
" The good and ill alike content to ſhare;
" Nor dare to think Omnipotence can err."
His reaſoning, by degrees, her mind appeas'd:
Slowly from earth her ſtreaming eyes ſhe rais'd.
Juſt then the favourite, faithful dog appear'd;
The welcome ſight her drooping ſpirits cheer'd.
" My ſon yet lives!" ſhe cry'd, my ſon is nigh!
" I ſhall behold him now before I die!"
Then ſprung to meet him, told him all her fears,
Hung on his neck, and bath'd him with her tears.
With dutiful ſubmiſſion, he reply'd;
Relating what had paſt, preſents his bride;

Then

Then, as by RAPHAEL taught applied the gall
To TOBIT's eyes, who ſaw and bleſt them all.
Th' event diffus'd a joy through every breaſt.
The father's feelings ſcarce could be expreſt:
" Enough," he ſaid; " I now ſhall die in peace:
" 'Twas all I aſk'd, once more to ſee thy face.
" Kind Heav'n has heard my pray'r; nay, granted
" more;
" 'Tis giv'n to thee that bleſſing to reſtore.
" But now, my ſon, our own deſire's complete,
" Your kind companion let us not forget:
" 'Tis ours to gladden ſuch an honeſt heart,
" And well reward him ere he hence depart."
" That pleaſing taſk be mine," the Youth replies,
While gratitude freſh ſparkled in his eyes:
" Since you, my father, do not, cannot know
" How vaſt the debt I to his friendſhip owe;
" Much to his wiſdom, to his kindneſs more;
" 'Tis therefore meet he ſhould partake my ſtore.

" Your ſight reſtor'd, a lovely bride obtain'd,
" Theſe bleſſings, but for him, I ne'er had gain'd.
" Then half my wealth I freely here reſign;
" Without his aid it never had been mine:
" More, if he aſk it, will I freely give,
" And think myſelf his debtor, while I live."
RAPHAEL, with pleaſure, ſaw the manly truth
And grateful feelings of the worthy Youth;
And now, prepar'd to make his miſſion known,
Bad all withdraw, except the ſire and ſon;
His own etherial form again reſum'd,
While freſh ambroſial ſweets the air perfum'd.
A ſudden glory beam'd o'er all the place;
Celeſtial light'ning play'd about his face:
Such radiant luſtre, darting from his eyes,
Fill'd their aſtoniſh'd minds with vaſt ſurpriſe:
Speechleſs and proſtrate at his feet they fell.
" Fear not," he ſaid, " for all ſhall yet be well:
" Your daily pray'rs and praiſes have been heard,
" Nor can ſuch virtue loſe a juſt reward.

" Lo!

" Lo! to accompliſh that, on earth I came,
" By the Almighty ſent, RAPHAEL my name;
" One of the Sev'n, who near the throne of God
" Enjoy an everlaſting bleſt abode.
" At his command a mortal form I took,
" Thoſe bliſsful regions for a while forſook,
" Your ſon, your lov'd TOBIAS, to attend;
" His guide, his ſervant; what is more, his friend:
" And know, through all your former life I've been
" Your conſtant guardian Angel, though unſeen:
" Whene'er your bounty did the hungry fill,
" Or clothe the naked, I was with you ſtill:
" Whene'er your lib'ral hand the captive freed,
" I was a witneſs to the glorious deed;
" Though unperceiv'd by you, ſaw all your ways,
" And bore to Heav'n the record of your praiſe.
" Think then, ye happy, highly-favour'd pair,
" In the Almighty's love how vaſt your ſhare;
" Remember this, and henceforth while you live
" To God alone, perpetual glory give;

" Still

" Still perſevere in virtue to the laſt,
" Nor let your future days diſgrace the paſt."
He ceas'd; and as the aſtoniſh'd pair ariſe,
A cloud receives, and bears him to the ſkies!
Their wiſhful looks with eagerneſs purſue
The heav'nly viſion, till beyond their view:
Awhile in ſilent wonder they remain,
Then, lowly proſtrate on the earth again,
In loud thankſgivings both their voices raiſe,
Reſolv'd to dedicate their future days
To ſpeak, and ſing, the great Jehovah's praiſe.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE

MR. CHARLES CHURCHILL:

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN.

'TIS paſt! Death's ſudden unrelenting hand
Hath torn a CHURCHILL from the Britiſh land!
Juſt in the prime of life, and height of fame,
The fatal ſhaft, too well directed came.
In vain the Muſes may their loſs deplore;
Their favour'd Satyriſt is now no more!
So well he laſh'd the follies of his time,
And pictur'd vice in ſuch well-pointed rhime;
Each might a mirrour find in ev'ry page,
And juſtly ſtyle him Cenſor of the age:
But truth muſt own, however great his name,
'Tis eaſier far to cenſure, than reclaim.
Precept alone, without example join'd,
Will have ſmall influence on the human mind.

Should

Should then ſome future Bard ſupply his place,
And cenſure vice with almoſt equal grace;
On Truth's firm baſis may he build his claim,
Inſpir'd by Virtue more than empty Fame,
With that ſincere benevolence of mind,
That ſeeks th' amendment of all human kind!
For vainly thoſe preſume to write, or preach,
Whoſe life confirms not what their doctrines teach.

THE TEMPLE OF HONOUR:

A DREAM.

WEARY'D with thought, the God of ſoft repoſe
In gentle ſlumber did my eye-lids cloſe;
But not that ſleep which almoſt death does ſeem;
New life I wak'd to in a pleaſant dream:
Methought I wander'd in a ſhady wood,
I' th' midſt of which, two ſtately buildings ſtood.

As

As I approach'd to take a nearer view,
A pleaſing form appear'd, and tow'rd me drew;
Benignly ſmil'd, as earneſtly I gaz'd,
Then ſilence broke: " Stranger, you ſeem amaz'd.
" Fear not: 'tis Virtue o'er this place preſides;
" The goddeſs in yon palace now reſides.
" Joining to hers, Honour's fam'd Temple ſtands,
" A mighty pile, rais'd by no common hands.
" Through Virtue's palace is the only road
" To gain admittance to that fair abode;
" Though fooliſh mortals vainly ſtill believe
" The doors are ever open, to receive
" Each villain, who to Honour makes pretence,
" Though void of reaſon, truth, and common ſenſe.
" How greatly they're deceiv'd you now may ſee,
" If, curious, you're diſpos'd to follow me.
" Doubt not what I affirm: Truth is my name,
" Daughter to Virtue; and from her I came
" To be your guide to her celeſtial court,
" Where crowds of mortals eager now reſort:

" Believing Common Fame commands the place,
" Rewards they come for, but will meet diſgrace,
" Haſte then, and follow me; make no delay."
I bow'd, and follow'd where ſhe led the way.
At our approach the doors wide open flew,
A ſpacious hall expoſing to my view,
At th' end of which was plac'd a throne of ſtate,
Where, cover'd with a veil, fair Virtue ſate.
She, thus diſguis'd, gave audience to a crowd
Of gazing ſuppliants, who around her bow'd.
" Thoſe," ſaid my guide, " are all an impious race,
" Who hope in Fame's long liſt to find a place;
" A wretched ſet, who, by FALSE HONOUR driv'n,
" Have ſcorn'd each ſacred ordinance of Heav'n,
" Broke every tie of god-like Friendſhip's laws,
" Yet dar'd to plead their Honour as the cauſe;
" Each falſehood with an oath would juſtify,
" And pawn both ſoul and body on a lie.
" Such are the wretches you behold," ſhe cried;
Then ceas'd, and took her place by Virtue's ſide.

Silence

Silence was now proclaim'd throughout the place;
The Goddeſs threw the veil from off her face;
In native dignity and ſplendor ſhone:
Th' attendant Graces all ſurround the throne.
Struck with the dazzling ſight, the crowd, amaz'd,
Fearful, confus'd, in ſilent wonder gaz'd;
When thus the Goddeſs, with an awful look,
But yet ſerenely mild, the ſilence broke.
" And am I then of late ſo little known?
" Is Virtue now ſo much a bug-bear grown?
" Alas! in all this buſy world how few
" Know their own good, or knowing it purſue!
" Attend, vain Mortals! then, and learn from me,
" What a TRUE MAN OF HONOUR ought to be;
" One whom not intereſt, title, or renown,
" A Prince's favour, or a tyrant's frown,
" Can tempt to act a baſe ungen'rous part,
" Or let his tongue run counter to his heart;
" Who can refuſe a challenge from a knave,
" Nor dare to take that life his Maker gave;

" Unmindful of the popular applauſe;
" But in Religion's, or his Country's cauſe,
" When either call'd, who'd rather bravely bleed
" Than purchaſe life by one inglorious deed:
" For, let this truth be ever underſtood,
" He can't be truly great, who is not good."
The Goddeſs ceas'd, when, beckon'd by my Guide,
To gain a paſſage through the crowd I tried,
But vainly ſtrove, impatient of delay;
Precipitate with haſte, my ſteps gave way:
The imagin'd fall awoke me in a fright;
The pleaſing viſion vaniſh'd from my ſight.

EPILOGUE

INTENDED FOR A CELEBRATED VOCAL PERFORMER ON HIS QUITTING THE STAGE.

NOT worn with age, nor yet in life's decline,
Before this awful court I now reſign:

'Tis

'Tis bold to do't, and not your leave obtain;
Yet, had I aſk'd it, ſome might think me vain.
Between the two extremes 'tis beſt to move,
Nor quit our friends too ſoon, nor tire their love.
Full twenty years I have your kindneſs found;
For juſt that time I've trod this magic ground.
Your favours paſt, for ſome return do call:
Flattery I hate—I thank you—that is all.
More might be ſaid; but my full, beating heart,
O'erflows with gratitude devoid of art.
Small joy, or grief, with eaſe we may reveal;
But thoſe want utterance, who ſo greatly feel.
Excuſe my want of words, they're needleſs quite,
Since Garrick's ſelf has deign'd to grace this night:
With ſuch an advocate to plead my cauſe,
My vain deſire to this concluſion draws,
To hope his friendſhip join'd by your applauſe.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

ON THE LATE

GENERAL WOLFE:

WRITTEN WHEN HIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SACRED to WOLFE this marble ſhrine we raiſe;
But, oh! what monument can ſpeak his praiſe!
In youth's full prime he bravely welcom'd death,
Proud for BRITANNIA to reſign his breath:
For her he fought, her liberties, her laws,
And fell a victim to the glorious cauſe.
'Twas victory dearly bought, each Briton cried;
Quebec was conquer'd; but—the Hero died!
Died, as he liv'd, to raiſe his Country's fame.
Oh, may that Country ſtill revere his name!
May each brave Engliſhman who held him dear,
Beſtow one heart-felt ſigh, one grateful tear,
Nor bluſh to drop the laſt ſad tribute here!

RE-

REFLECTIONS IN A CHURCH-YARD.

AWHILE, oppoſing balmy Sleep's ſoft pow'r,
By ſerious meditation hither led,
Here let me wander at this ſolemn hour,
With no companion, ſave the ſilent dead;

While yon pale moon's mild luſtre, all around,
Diſpels the horrors of the midnight gloom;
Lengthens the yew-trees ſhadow o'er the ground,
And guides my ſteps between each peaceful tomb.

What awful ſtillneſs reigns in every part!
No ſound of human voice, or footſteps near:
A ſcene of terror to the guilty heart,
For conſcious guilt alone created fear.

Here

Here ſhall the wicked mind from troubling ceaſe,
And here the weary find a place of reſt;
The wretch worn out with woe ſhall ſleep in peace,
Till call'd at laſt to number with the bleſt.

The Stateſman, Hero, Patriot, great or ſmall,
By different paths move onward to the grave:
Inexorable Death here levels all;
Nor youth nor beauty, wealth nor pow'r can ſave.

But who, alas! can think, and not repine,
Of mould'ring into duſt, in youth's full bloom;
This animated being to reſign,
And ſink forgotten in the ſilent tomb?

His ſtoic firmneſs let the Atheiſt boaſt,
Flatter'd with hopes of many years to come;
But, oh, how ſoon that fortitude is loſt,
When the grim King of Terrors ſeals his doom!

Philoſophy

Philoſophy alone has not the pow'r,
  Whate'er pretending Moraliſts have ſaid,
To give true peace at the departing hour,
  Unleſs ſupported by Religion's aid.

That only can the drooping mind elate
  With the glad proſpect of eternal bliſs,
And prove the bleſſings of a future ſtate,
  And ample recompence for woes in this.

It ſmooths the bed of ſickneſs, want, and care,
  When every human help in vain we try;
Steals the uplifted dagger from Deſpair;
  Inſtructs us how to live, and how to die.

Inſpir'd with that, my Soul can know no fear
  Amidſt theſe gloomy manſions of the dead,
Though warn'd by all around me to prepare
  For mingling with the duſt on which I tread.

What labour'd words appear on yonder ſtone,
To tell where lie the great, the young, the gay;
Their former worth and merit to make known,
And dignify a lump of ſenſeleſs clay!

Not diſtant far, on the ſame bed of earth,
Reſt the remains of ſome unknown to fame:
No wealth or titles grac'd their humble birth,
Nor here a ſingle line to tell their fame.

For what avail the talents of the poor,
When doom'd in dull obſcurity to tread;
Contempt and inſult fated to endure,
For the ſmall pittance of their daily bread?

But at the laſt account, when all ſhall meet,
As ſummon'd by the great Arch-angel's call;
Then ſhall the rich and poor as equals greet—
The Lord is judge and maker of them all.

'Till when let humble Merit learn to bear
The fancied ills inflicted here below:
'Tis vain to queſtion, impious to deſpair,
When fatherly correction ſtrikes the blow.

For how can murmuring, weak, ſhort-ſighted man,
Hope to exiſt exempt, from want or care;
And who ſhall dare Omnipotence to ſcan,
And aſk of Providence, why ſuch things are?

Moſt gracious Father! till life's ſands are run,
To thy decree, oh, teach me to reſign;
Submiſſive ſtill to cry, "Thy will be done!"
Howe'er repugnant it may ſeem to mine.

TO DAMON.

URGE not your ſuit, too dangerous Swain!
Your art no longer try;
For, oh! believe you aſk, in vain,
What I muſt ſtill deny.

My

My honour, dearer than my life,
No guilty love ſhall ſtain;
My fame, in ſpite of all attacks,
Unſullied ſhall remain.

An aching heart I'd rather bear,
With innocence of mind,
Than thoſe deſtructive pleaſures ſhare
That leave a ſting behind.

The Maid who does not virtue prize,
Muſt hope for no reſpect;
She who makes that a ſacrifice,
Will meet with cold neglect.

Then ceaſe your ſuit, dear Youth, oh ceaſe!
The vain attempt give o'er;
And ſeek not to deſtroy that peace
You never could reſtore.

TO THE SAME.

FAREWELL, ungrateful, fickle Youth!
For ever muſt we part:
Your heart, quite void of manly truth,
Is fill'd with ſelfiſh art.

How oft, oh Damon! didſt thou ſwear,
By all the Powers above,
No other Maid, however fair,
Should gain your conſtant love;

That time, nor abſence, though for years,
Your mind could ever change?
Nor had I cauſe for doubts, or fears,
You ever more would range.

But when you found thoſe arts in vain,
In vain each oath you ſwore,
Your own looſe wiſhes to obtain;
Your vows were then no more.

Wert thou ſincere, I could prefer,
Without a bluſh I own,
A cottage with your love to ſhare,
Than without that a throne.

But, oh! how vain is ſuch a thought,
Since all your actions prove,
The heart that's not with virtue fraught,
Can never truly love!

And ſo deprav'd your morals are,
However hard the part,
Believe me, I'm reſolv'd to tear
Your image from my heart.

Above the weakneſs of my ſex
I'll ſtruggle hard to riſe,
Nor let a wiſh my mind perplex
For one I muſtdeſpiſe.]

All future thoughts of thee, falſe Youth!
Henceforth I will reſign,
Nor think a heart ſo void of truth
Can e'er be worthy mine.

INVITATION TO MR. H——.

THE party I mention'd are now fix'd to meet;
'Tis needleſs to tell you the houſe, or the ſtreet.
But the time, you will ſay? Why, next Monday eve,
When our friends with much pleaſure we hope to receive:
Your company, Sir, to that pleaſure will add;
And we'll do our endeavour that none ſhall be ſad;

Nor

Nor doubt but the Evening's amuſement we ſhare,
The Morning's reflexion will very well bear.
If you can't come before, till paſt ſix we will wait;
But, if you can help it, don't make it ſo late.
It would not be amiſs to bring with you your flute;
Inſtrumental you know with the vocal will ſuit:
But, if that you object to, yet fail not, I pray,
To hoard all the ſpirits you can for the day.
So I'll wiſh you good-night, for you think it high time:
How tireſome, you cry, are theſe ſcribblers in rhyme!
The folly I own; but it's my hobby-horſe,
And you can't but acknowledge I might have a worſe.
Beſides, it may ſerve for one purpoſe at leaſt,
As a quieting opiate to lull you to reſt.
Once more then I wiſh you a very good night;
May your ſlumbers refreſh, and your dreams give delight!

TO

TO MISS ——

DEAR Girl, for once, with patient ear,
Some plain advice attend;
Nor through falſe pride neglect to hear
The counſel of a Friend.

In vain you practiſe every art,
Admirers to obtain;
While you aſſume the Lover's part,
You'll not your wiſhes gain.

Within one breaſt to kindle love,
'Tis folly then to ſtrive,
Since prudence only can improve,
And keep the flame alive.

She that has modeſty reſign'd,
Muſt hope for no reſpect,
But will through life be doom'd to find
Contempt and cold neglect.

The forward, bold, coquettiſh Laſs,
This fate muſt ſtill attend,
Without true love her youth to paſs,
Her age without a friend.

Then be advis'd, ere 'tis too late,
A lover to engage;
Though Vanity may ſpread the net,
'Tis Virtue makes the cage.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN AT THE DESIRE OF

A YOUNG LADY IN LOVE.

WHAT means my fluttering heart-felt pain,
This anxious doubt and fear?
The cauſe, alas! I feel, is plain—
Philander is too dear.

Since firſt I felt the fatal dart,
By every means I tried
The weakneſs of this ſilly heart,
E'en from myſelf to hide.

Againſt the growing flame I ſtrive;
But, oh! too hard the part:
In vain, alas! I wiſh to drive
His image from my heart.

Too well convinc'd of this ſad truth,
'Tis needleſs to complain:
The preſence of the much-lov'd Youth
Makes every effort vain.

From love, not conquer'd in the birth,
How can I e'er be freed?
Yet ſure the Shepherd's well-known worth
Some ſmall excuſe may plead.

Oh! were it but my future lot,
Life's checquer'd ſcenes to ſhare
With him in ſome ſequeſter'd cot,
I'd baniſh every care.

But, if my cruel Fate ordain,
Some more deſerving Maid
Should gain th' affections of the Swain,
Whilſt mine are unrepaid;

May ſhe who can his heart obtain,
His tender ſuit approve,
Nor let him feel the racking pain
Of never-hoping love!

May he in every joy abound,
Nor know why I repine,
But find his warmeſt wiſhes crown'd,
Whate'er becomes of mine!

In ſpite of reaſon, tears will flow;
Philoſophy is vain:
This heart may break with ſilent woe,
Yet ſtoop not to complain.

A CARD PARTY.

THE candles lit, the tables plac'd,
Two packs of cards the corners grac'd;
With juſt four friends together met,
For a ſnug pool the proper ſet;
Two of each ſex: for even men
Like Cards and ſcandal now and then,
When tir'd with politics, which ends
In wrangling with their deareſt friends.
Some time they hold polite debate,
Of who ſhould take the warmeſt ſeat;
Come, Madam, let me place you here,
Or you'll increaſe your cough, I fear:
There's ſuch an air comes through that crack,
'Twill give you cold, juſt at your back.
By no means, Sir—What, turn you out,
When ſcarce recover'd from the gout!

I cannot

I cannot think on't; for I hear
Your laſt attack was quite ſevere.
Thus, by politeneſs, they reveal
What each would of themſelves conceal.
At length their darling etiquette
Adjuſted, each one take their ſeat,
Fully prepar'd, around the table
To build with cards another Babel.
Well, Ladies, what ſay you to Whiſt?
'Tis ſo the ton, you can't reſiſt.
Whiſt, Sir! O what a horrid game!
I'm vapour'd merely with the name.
Call that amuſement! 'tis abſurd,
At which one ſcarce muſt ſpeak a word:
Quadrille's the only game for me,
Where one may chat, or drink one's tea;
Or mingle ſcandal with your wit—
Ladies, your pardon, I ſubmit.
Come, Madam, you are eldeſt hand:
Your leave, Sir; 'tis at your command.

Hearts is the trump; the King; a Spade.
A charming trump indeed you've made.
Why ſurely, Sir! is that your card?
Trump the call'd king! that's monſtrous hard.
Another! that I can't afford:
The game is loſt, quite off the board:
With Mattadores, and a Revoke!
I vow it would a ſaint provoke.
Come, deal the cards; and pray, at leaſt
Give me a chance to win the Beaſt.—
But, Madam, have you ſeen the Bride?
They ſay ſhe's quite o'ercome with pride.
With pride, indeed! ſhe's not much cauſe,
Although ſhe's met with ſome applauſe:
I'm ſure her fortune's very ſmall;
Nay, it is ſaid, ſhe's none at all.—
I play in Clubs, Sir, 'tis your lead.—
A fortune, Madam, ſhe can't need:
Sir George has plenty of his own,
With worth that would adorn a throne;

Beſides,

Beſides, her beauty may ſuffice—
O! what a charming pair of eyes!
Beauty, I can't ſay much for that;
I think her face is very flat:
Then, ſuch a morſel of a waſte!
I thought you'd had a better taſte.
She walks with ſuch a horrid prance,
I'm ſure ſhe can't have learnt to dance.—
You've got your game; I do no more.—
I think Sir George is near three-ſcore.
Sir, your miſtake is very great;
He is not five-and-forty yet.
In my opinion he appears
Younger than that, at leaſt ten years.
They'll make a figure, there's no doubt.—
But now, good friends, the pool is out.
The pool out, Madam! did you ſay?
I think we've had but little play:
It ſurely can't be ended yet?
Bleſs me, dear Madam! you forget;

We've talk'd ſo much—But, à-propos,
Laſt night you play'd with Mrs. O———.
Tell me, do you believe it true,
She cheats ſo much?—Indeed I do:
I bought that knowledge very dear;
Which I ſhall often do, I fear.
Well, that's a failing, I declare,
I can't with any patience bear.
Nor I indeed: beſides, you know
There's ſomething in't ſo mean, and low.
Thus all the world, with ſpleen or wit,
Rail at the vice themſelves commit;
'Gainſt others follies loud exclaim,
Yet daily act the very ſame;
Their neighbours faults with joy make known,
But quite forget to mend their own.

THE LOUNGER:

ADDRESSED TO MR. ———.

WITH ſlouching look, and awkward air,
He through the village ſtrays;
His viſits to the neighbouring Fair
Without diſtinction pays.

He ſhows no ſymptoms of delight,
But, ſideling to a chair,
Tells them how ill he ſlept laſt night,
How low his ſpirits are.

Sadly put to't for ſome conceit
His friends to entertain,
But having nothing in his pate,
Complains it has a pain.

His

His whole deſire, with young or old,
Their pity is to move;
For pity, we long ſince were told,
Is near a-kin to love.

How far the Swain is qualified
That paſſion to inſpire,
Or whether he has ever tried,
I mean not to inquire.

If, as ſome think, he owns a heart
To tenderneſs inclin'd,
His eyes and tongue but ill impart
The feelings of his mind.

Thus ſometimes better, ſometimes worſe,
He ſhuffles through life's prime;
Provided he can ſave his purſe,
He'll freely give his time.

FINIS.